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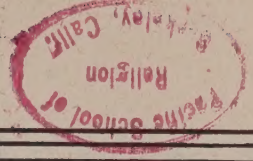

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But What Can We Do About It?

AN EDITORIAL

Fifty Years of Joy

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Fifty Years of Joy

By Eliza Armstrong Cox

Given at the Recent Session of Woman's Missionary Conference at Wilmington, Ohio

IT has been fifty years of joy because it has been fifty years in cooperation with our great King in the interests of the kingdom that will never surrender its throne. Fifty years of joy in seeing the gospel message reaching farther and still farther. Fifty years of joy in seeing the Church growing in the knowledge of God and a deeper appreciation of his truth and gospel in its sweetening power. Fifty years of joy in seeing the growing oneness of Christian spirit and a better understanding of how to present the gospel to the nations of the Earth. Fifty years of joy in seeing the Church witnessing to all people the great basic principle of love, out of which grows peace instead of war; justice and mercy instead of exploitation and slavery; the scattering of ignorance by the "entrance of the word that giveth light." We have seen the work of our denomination grow in this time from two tiny beginnings, one in Mexico and one in Palestine, to an entrance into eight other countries where our people have been true messengers of the gospel. O, it has been fifty years of joy to know that we have had a little part in a work so divine and one bound to succeed because it is in line with God's will.

The joy has been attended with hard work, much care, heavy responsibility, and a searching for wisdom that has held us and all our blessed missionaries at the foot of the Cross and at the Holy Spirit's baptismal font; this has put the divine essence into the work and gives our joy a solid foundation.

The world is not the same now that it was fifty years ago either socially, politically, economically, or religiously. Then it made little difference what was done in Europe, Asia, Africa or the islands of the sea; their affairs did not concern us over much. But men and women have been and are going to and fro through the whole Earth, and knowledge is being largely increased daily. Now we are so bound together that the concern of one becomes the concern of us all.

In the physical world, the present generation does not know what the limitations of the people were who lived prior to the last fifty years. We who lived then and now can enjoy the contrast. We have seen many things begun then now brought to completion; things that were looked upon with doubt and misgiving but are now considered indispensable to our civilization. The changes in the political world would have been considered unbelievable fifty years ago, but they are stern realities now. But these have been outdistanced, if possible, by the progress of Christianity and methods of work better suited to its promulgation which were revealed as absolutely necessary; and yet these are lagging too far behind.

One great stroke of advance was marked when the missionary forces realized they could not accomplish their task working as separate armies. This conviction led up to the Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions held in New York City in the spring of 1900. This was an historic event; a glorious closing of one century and a most promising opening of the new one. This conference accelerated the work of women and their boards tremendously, and this was cause for joy.

The idea of a united course of study of missions for all Christian women had its rise here. We all know what an immeasurable blessing this united study has been to the Christian womanhood of America. We at once outgrew the denominational complex, began to view the whole world field, and we saw with increasing clearness, the necessity of Christian people working together, and the beauty of this thought has been a deep source of joy.

So we began to broaden out; all women did. Then we saw how dear it would be to take hold of hands and move together as one force, and thus bring up the women reserves strong and in good Christian order. This resulted in twenty-nine women's boards uniting in a federation for foreign missions, which became a source of much joy. Then twenty-four women's boards united in a council of women for home missions; another occasion for joy.

All this getting together has created an understanding and a fellowship of spirit and purpose which is a well-spring of joy and enlarged usefulness all along the line. All have a finer appreciation of gospel truth because of it, and a sweeter tone of helpfulness. As if this were not enough, these two national boards, since 1925, hold an annual conference, for is not the work all one, home and abroad—the field is the world.

The inspiration attending these union conferences, and which filters down to all our auxiliaries, is always a solid foundation for joy. We have learned still more—the whole church has—of the value of working together in the large program of the church. We have learned that our Savior saw clear through to the end when he prayed that his children might all be one.

We have learned the value of this spirit of oneness in this half century in great and fruitful union organizations, such as the Christian Endeavor Society; the Student Volunteer Movement; the International Student Federation; the Layman's Missionary Movement; the Federation of Denominational Missionary Boards; the Federation of Women's Boards; the Missionary Education Movement; the United Study Courses for both home and foreign missions, with their ably prepared text-books; the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America; the great International Missionary Council with its branches in all countries, and various other union organizations.

We have also learned that cooperation of Christian people in the larger demands produces a soil in which great truths can take root and grow, and clear vision become realities; we have learned that the spirit of the gospel is worth far more than its technicalities; we have learned that "God hath made of one all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the Earth"; that "He that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him"; that "All men are created in the image of God." We have learned that "Every plant that my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up"; we have learned, "There is a light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world"; we have learned that we go to the mission field to learn as well as to teach; to receive as well as to give, and thus share with all others. We have learned that life is never a finished thing; it is a constant becoming; that the largest room in the world is the room for growth and improvement; we have learned the value of great conferences where experienced men and women help each other solve the great and serious problems of this warfare. Since learning all these things, the Mohammedan, the Brahman, the Hindu, the Buddhist, the Pagan, all seem nearer to us because our Father, God, is interested in them alike with us. The knowledge of these things has yielded deep, spiritual joy.

(Continued on page 837)

THE AMERICAN FRIEND

AUTHORIZED BY THE FIVE YEARS MEETING OF FRIENDS IN AMERICA

WALTER C. WOODWARD, EDITOR

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"But What Can We Do About It?"

DURING Armistice week two highly significant addresses were given in our town. The first was delivered by President G. Bromley Oxnam of DePauw University before a large group of business and professional men. As a preface to his brilliant and searching address, he spoke of how scientists are charting the fault lines in the earth's surface as marked by earthquakes. In the zones of these fault lines, violent eruptions may be expected with more or less frequency. Man is powerless to prevent them. The most that he can do is to learn where they may be expected and to try to build so as to withstand their shock.

With this preliminary, President Oxnam turned the attention of his hearers to the dangerous fault lines in our social structure. They are marked by the accumulation of the country's wealth in the hands of a few and the unequal distribution of the products of labor; by the control and use of such an organization as the American Legion for the selfish interests of smaller groups; by the inadequacy of our democratic institutions, as they now function, in providing for the general welfare. As in the case of the earthquakes, social upheaval is bound to mark these and other fault lines unless they are corrected; for, as distinguished from the physical ones of the earth's surface, these social fault lines may be removed if man has the intelligence and the will to remove them. The speaker appealed eloquently to his eagerly attentive hearers to manifest that intelligence and to exercise that will.

On Armistice Day, Sherwood Eddy spoke to a large audience on the danger zones of the world. On the background of recent visits in all the countries discussed, this keen student of world affairs told of the critical situations existing in France, in Germany, in Russia, in Manchuria, and in China. In all these countries, and in others, catastrophic forces are in conflict and it does not yet appear whether civilization will pitch its tents toward the sunrise or toward the sunset.

Then, turning the thought of his audience homeward, the speaker said that from the viewpoint of other peoples our own country presents one of the world's danger zones. Here we are, the richest and most powerful nation on earth, and yet with the longest bread lines in the world, with anywhere from nine to twelve million people unemployed, affecting an aggregate from one-fourth to one-third of our entire population. While countries which are rated poor in material wealth have developed enlightened programs for the decent and comfortable housing of their workers, we continue to tolerate the unspeakable tenements of our big cities, in conformity with our political philosophy of sturdy individualism. We seem to others to have surrendered to the forces of imperious greed and rampant lawlessness.

Very quietly and unhurriedly the speaker sketched world conditions as he sees them, closing with a consideration of the situation in our own nation. As President Oxnam had implied, so he declared it to be his conviction that some rather immediate change in our social and economic system is inevitable. If we are alert and willing, it may be peaceful and constructive; if not, it will be violent and destructive. And then Sherwood Eddy, in the careful word and unimpassioned tone of studied conviction, gave utterance to the most arresting statement of his address. Our churches and schools, he said, need only to continue to show the same attitude they have so far shown toward these questions to make a violent revolution all but inevitable.

This is a devastating arraignment. Whether or not we concede its accuracy and justice, it may well make us pause for examination and introspection. In different words and from somewhat different viewpoints, two notable speakers had pointed unerringly to some of our social fault lines and had expressed the opinion that upheaval is ahead of us if we do not act wisely and with reasonable promptness. One had gone so far as to say that a "hands-off" and "do nothing" policy, as at present manifested by church and school, will prove fatal if continued.

"But what can we do about it?" Two or three really interested and convinced hearers were heard to raise the question as the Eddy meeting adjourned. In view of the stupendous task involved and of the lack of blue prints for accomplishing it, the feeling of such a sense of futility on the part of individuals is natural and doubtless very general. Yet there are a few quite definite, though difficult, things which we can and should do in the face of so epochal and ominous a situation.

In the first place, we should make an honest inquiry into our personal mode of living to see how far we are participating in social injustice. While one cannot dissociate himself from our present economic system, he can easily show his concern and sincerity by

adjusting his life in such a way as to demonstrate his readiness to renounce special privileges and to accept the implications of a more Christian ordering of society. Would we welcome a new order tomorrow, granting that it could be successfully ushered in? Or is our enthusiasm conditioned by the thought that this hope is to be long deferred? The first hurdle is that of self-inquiry and possible renunciation in the spirit of Jesus. Is our motive pure and undefiled?

Our second obligation involves a persistent pursuit of the hard facts imbedded in present conditions. If it is true that facts will not save the world, it is equally true that the world will not be saved without them. It is our obligation to know more than we do about what is going on and to be conversant with proposed means of making needed adjustments. Such knowledge comes only by diligent reading and study, with time for reflection. While some of us are greatly limited in opportunity in this respect, all of us could be much better informed if we had a living concern for the present times and impending events.

In the third place, it is our privilege and our duty to relay our information and to radiate our sense of concern to those about us. This may seem like tackling the world's problems at a very small end, but it is tackling them at the right end. This is the way in which that vague but all-powerful thing called public opinion is created. We need a renewed realization of the power of individual concern, and an aroused purpose to exercise that power. What can we do about the present situation? There is no limit to what we can do—if we care enough.

To Be Abased—Yet to Abound

By Leslie D. Shaffer

WE are called as a nation to commemorate another day of national thanksgiving. It is probable that our circumstances have never been more parodoxical than they are at present. In the midst of our abundance there is severe want and at the heart of our abasement there is an unprecedented plenty. We feel tempted to inquire whether it is possible for a nation in distress to offer thanksgiving. We ponder over the consequences that evolve from our hardships, hoping to find results that are benefits in disguise for which we can be thankful.

Jeremy Taylor believes we can learn the art of thanksgiving from David who has sown every furrow in the book of Psalms with seeds of thanksgiving. Henry Ward Beecher advises us to be generous with our expressions of gratitude. He says: "As flowers carry dewdrops trembling on the edges of the petals and ready to fall at the first waft of wind or brush of bird, so the heart should carry its beaded words of thanksgiving and at the first breath of heavenly flavor let down the shower perfumed with the heart's gratitude." But it was Alexander Maclaren who cautioned us about being ungrateful until we are caught in the grip of need: "Do not let the empty cup be your first teacher of the blessings you had when it was full. Do not let a hard place here and there in the bed destroy your rest. Seek, as a plain duty, to cultivate a buoyant, joyous sense of the crowded kindness of God in your daily life." When St. Paul finally reached Rome, he arrived not as a free man as he had hoped but as a prisoner, nevertheless he, "thanked God and took courage."

Whether we find ourselves in abundance or abasement, let us give thanks. If we are to have a true spirit of thanksgiving and gratitude we must not make it dependent upon exterior circumstances. If our gratitude is subject to conditions of weather and climate, some will be happy in the warm glow of the sunshine while others must face frozen fields of ice and snow. If our gratitude is dependent upon material possessions, some will be pleasantly comfortable in prosperity while others are anemic from want. If our joyous rejoicing is the result of a great ingathering of friends and relatives, there are those who are strangers within our gates. In her poem entitled "Thanksgiving," Juliet Reeve tells us how impossible it would be to give thanks if we only consider the outside circumstances.

"Give thanks? For what? For Bread?
But hungry children crying to be fed
Would stop our mouths in shame.
Lord, in the name
Of Him, Thy Son, who came
To save these too, we cannot thank
Thee for our bread."

The basis upon which we must establish our thanksgiving is that which St. Paul expressed when he said, "I have learned, whatever be my outward experiences, to be content. I know both how to live in straightened circumstances and how to live in abundance. I am fully initiated into all the secrets both of fullness and of hunger, of abundance and of want. I have strength for anything through Him who gives me power." Such an attitude toward life will be an insurance against pessimism and a guarantee for the true spirit of thanksgiving.

We sometimes think that times of straitened circumstances, hunger and hardships are the most trying and dangerous days for the nation. But there is just as great a danger for the country in luxury as there is for the country in poverty. There is just as much ingratitude, discontent and unhappiness in national over indulgence as there is in national privation. It is often as difficult to live with all our desires satisfied as to have them denied.

We will be most happy and thankful when we remember that our achievements do not surpass the providence of God but are dependent upon him. Indeed the first Thanksgiving upon American soil was not based upon any sense of luxury, ease or over abundance. It was founded upon the true realization that God had provided and that his providence was manifested upon the new frontier. Those sturdy pioneers recognized their obligation to make some recognition of God's care and protection.

Human ingenuity, which is another gift from God, has too often veiled from us the true source of our abundant fullness. When we are thirsty we quite naturally thank the mechanical engineer and the plumber for the drink we draw from the water faucet as it comes from the water main that connects with the reservoir. What we are prone to forget is that God fills the reservoir for us with rain drops and snow flakes. When we are cold, a readjustment of the thermostat gives us the desired temperature and we scarcely realize that behind our comfort are deep, penetrating mines, the long process of

coal formation and a beautiful vegetation that became a sacrifice for our comfort. There is even the forest which furnishes us with the fire logs for our fireplace.

We have not expressed true thanksgiving until we have shared with those who need, the blessings which God intended all should enjoy. Our thanksgiving must be a sacrifice. A true spirit of thanksgiving can not be solely in our gratitude for the scientific achievement of our generation, but must be an expression of gratitude to Him who is our source and author. When we permit our gratefulness for human invention to displace our conscious sense of God's providence, we are forgetting how to live the life of abundance. We must find in the abundance of life not man, but God. In that first Thanksgiving it was the works of God men praised and not the success of men. Today as the mariner increases his use of charts and compass; as man increases in his power to control the natural elements; as man frees himself from the primitive fears and dares to venture on ever new frontiers of exploration and experiment he opens a life that will be richer, fuller and more abundant. But if man is to keep in his soul the true spirit of thanksgiving he must ever remember that the development of the arts and crafts, the inventions and experiments of science and the discoveries of the explorer are but the forward strides of the providence of God which is not static but which is leading men on to new frontiers. It was this providence for which the Pilgrims gave thanks. It must be the same providence that we exalt in gratitude.

But how are we to be abased and still be thankful? In these days of distress we may give thanks if we will remember that it is the same God that our fathers knew whose providence surrounds us in our industrial disorders and social maladjustments. If in our abundance we can find God back of the food, the shelter and the fuel, so also in our distress we can find the power and spirit of God. Like Paul we must learn to live where there is need, want, distress and hunger. We must know both how to abound and to be abased. It is the prophet Habakkuk who in his triumphant Te Deum encourages us to change our complaint into a song of confidence.

> "The Lord the eternal is our strength—
> He makes our feet sure as the hind's feet,
> He helps us to keep our footing on the heights."

It is he we need who helps us to keep our footing on the heights that we may be able to be abased and yet abound. When Habakkuk had made all the complaint he had to offer he said, "I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower and will look forth to see what he will speak with me concerning my complaint." The complaint of those who must live in abasement, hunger and want today is greater than the complaint of Habakkuk. With all our wealth and power the voice of thanksgiving is crushed out by the cry of complaint. There is misery and oppression to be endured.

Yet there is still a way for us to gain the spirit of thanksgiving. We must stand upon the watch tower and wait until we meet God and place in him and his ways our confidence. As the men of the first Thanksgiving faced hardships in confidence rather than with a reliance upon material possessions, so must we face our hardships with hope and confidence in God rather than in man. Let the power of man be silent. Let the wealth of man be silent. Let the abundance of the harvest be silent. Let the glory of the nations be silent. Then we may see and hear God. There is only one way in which everybody can join in thanksgiving this year. We must base our thanksgiving on something other than outside circumstances. We must be able to say what Paul said, "I know both how to live in straitened circumstances and how to live amid abundance." And there is only one way in which we can all be content whatever be our outward experience. We must not forget that our gratitude is to be to God and not to man for the abundance of the increase. Nor should we forget that in our abasement our complaint can be changed to confidence if we will wait to find God who helps to put our footing on the heights.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Fifty Years of Joy

(Continued from page 834)

Who have learned all this? First, our missionaries away out on the frontier; they awakened the missionary boards to these great fundamentals; they in turn have impressed them on the entire church membership. We have been slow to learn, but these deep truths have borne themselves in on our understanding.

Great good in the way of Christian fellowship and understanding, of broadening our outlook and enlarging our powers in the far field, are the consequence. This means great economy of effort and money in the way of union hospitals, colleges, printing presses, literature, text-books, training schools, etc. There is strength and efficiency and economy in union. This knowledge is a source of joy.

Most happily we as Quaker women were organized ready to take our place in the great holy compact to study, learn, serve and inspire, because we had yielded to the divine urge that was upon Christian people to unite as one. We *have* grown in the knowledge of God in this fifty years, all Christians have. And in this there is joy.

We are asked to love God with all our mind. If this mind is largely developed and thoroughly furnished we have a better instrument to love him with. Our text-books are a great aid in this equipment. They are marvelous in the information they bring to us, and with all the collateral reading that goes with them we can lift our missionary meetings onto a plane that will satisfy our most intellectual women. Our mission is still to educate. And then our dear *Missionary Advocate*, a fountain of information and inspiration, and a bond of love entwined around all of us, holding us together in a sweet and dear sisterhood.

Woman's Missionary Union of Friends in America, we have had fifty years of experience in the joy of service. We began on the bare floor without money, precedent, literature, missionaries, and with but meager information. But we began; thank God, we did. We found ourselves aglow with a burning zeal to prove our loyalty to Christ. Our progress was necessarily slow for a time, as we were without present-day facilities for speeding work. We kept going, however; we had much to learn but we were willing to learn, and were blessed in our efforts.

It was my privilege to give the address of welcome to the assembled women of the Friends denomination at Indianapolis, Indiana, March 31, 1888; the first such assemblage in our history, when representatives from all our Yearly Meeting Missionary societies met in a holy convocation, and out of which grew the Woman's Missionary Union of Friends in America. In referring to this historic fact, I remember saying, "I can almost imagine how good old Simeon felt when he took the infant Jesus in his arms; but unlike him, I would rather remain until this infant reached a mature age." I never dreamed then that I would live to see it a full-grown and queenly woman moving forward to conquest and victory. And this is joy.

But with all these years of education, and in view of all that is yet to be learned and done, are we yet out of the lower grades in this great school? It is a time to pray with our hearts, our minds and our hands, that God's will may be done on earth. In view of all that has been learned and all that is yet before us I can say, "I think I just begin to see the splendor of God's will."

To you who are younger, we pass the torch. You will accomplish as much in the next ten years as we did in our fifty. Be pioneers. Be adventurers. Be pathfinders in thinking and in doing.

The Money Test of Religion

By Maxine Allen

The following paper was read in the morning meeting for worship at Westfield, Indiana, on November 13. Maxine Allen is a recent graduate of the Westfield High School and is active in the Sunday School and in the young people's activities of her meeting.

STEWARDSHIP is Jesus' philosophy of life. The sincere acceptance of this generally begins with an honest acknowledgement of the stewardship of our possessions—money, property, talent and such like. Jesus said, "He who is faithful with a trifle is also faithful to a large trust."

"You can tell the sincerity of a man's interest in anything by the way he puts his money into it." This was the outspoken assertion of a Kentucky physician. He had made this statement because of the attitude of various church members whom he had met. In his opinion they were stingy and dishonest. So out of his unfortunate experiences he made this statement. He continued to believe this way until one day a girl came upon his horizon, who caused him to change his mind. This girl had joined a covenant with six others to pay one-tenth of her income to the support of a struggling mission. It mattered not that she earned only $3.50 a week. She intended to carry out her part of the covenant. At the end of the first week she was in trouble. No one had told her it was the *first* tenth of the income that was to be given to God's work. On Saturday afternoon she went home sorrowing. Her week's bills had been paid, but only a few pennies were left for the mission. She was very much troubled and she was not comforted until she thought of her little pet dog. She remembered that a certain Kentucky physician had made her a standing offer of $25 for her little dog. She hated to give up her pet but the covenant must not be broken. By night the physician owned the dog and she had paid her money to the mission. A few nights later when she came home from work, a happy dog met her at the door. Attached to his collar was an envelope containing a check for $100. The physician had changed his mind and later he became a loyal supporter of the church.

Does religion have a money test? It certainly did for that physician. To say that religion has a money test is to say that every life may be tested by money. I mean that our deeper motives are revealed by our attitudes toward money and profits. For instance, the story of the rich young ruler. Jesus sorrowed over the young man not because he had great possessions but because the great possessions had him. He had let his possessions master him. If the rich young man had only kept his possessions consecrated to God, back in the days when he began to prosper it might have been different with him. When a man begins to make money some one has said, "God either gains a new fortune or loses a soul." And life is proof of this.

As Bishop Berry once said, "I despair of any great revival of religion until the church gives us its sinful covetousness. It is evident that the reason for Jesus' emphasis on the money and property question lies close to the fact that money is stored up life and personality. Money is the medium for which men exchange their abilities, ingenuity, and labor. When a man gives money he is giving himself, and the way a man gives his money is the way he gives himself. Now the moment you see this, you understand that money in your pocket is not mere money by a part of yourself. A little quotation that helps to express this thought is, "Help me, Lord, myself my best to give that I may others bless and like thee live."

Earthly treasures rightly used may help us to gain the heavenly riches. Suppose all earthly possessions were suddenly to drop from you, would you then be rich or poor? Do we value the right things and are we rich in the things that count?

"But thou shalt remember Jehovah thy God for it is he that giveth thee the power to get wealth." God wants us to feel utter dependence on him and Jesus teaches us the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." It is not only the poor that need so to pray, but the rich also. The millionaire and beggar alike, are dependent on Him. Moses looked ahead to the time so soon to come, when the abundant and varied fare of the promised land would take the place of the monotonous food of the wilderness when permanent homes of stone would take the place of the tents in which for forty years the Israelites roamed from place to place. So he praised God for his many mercies. So we can look and contrast our enormous national wealth, with the poverty and struggles of the pioneers of our country. Should we not give God a liberal portion of this rich inheritance that he has bestowed upon us?

In all the elements of wealth the United States is the richest country on the globe. We should feel our responsibility as stewards of such wealth. That is what Moses says to us, that we are to receive our magnificent domain, not as having earned it, not as a reason for vain pride, but as an understood gift from God. We should have the same attitude with our personal wealth.

Tithing is a way of remembering the many things God has done for us. Tithing is still a convenient and reasonable practice, so why not observe it? Surely Christians should not give less to God's work than the ancient Jews did, since we have received so much more from God.

Rev. Henry Lansdell once said, "Right giving is a part of right living." The giving is wrong if we steal God's portion to spend on ourselves. We should give regularly, abundantly, and cheerfully. Many church members give regularly but from the looks of the financial statements of the church, they surely do not give abundantly. If we give a little should we expect a lot? Jesus said, "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly.

Horace Mann said, "As we give to God, so he delights to give to us." Forced giving is not true giving at all. For instance, the story of the Scotchman who intended to put a penny into the collection plate. Instead he put in a gold guinea. Imagine his dismay. In a flash he started to retrieve the coin but the collector would not allow it. "Aweel then," said the Scotchman, "I'll get credit for the guinea up in heaven." "Na, Na, my man," the collector answered, "ye'll only get credit for the penny ye meant to give."

A PILGRIM'S PRAYER

I offer up my thanks to Thee
As Pilgrims did, Thou Deity.
For food, for warmth, for gentle rain
To bear the harvest's golden grain.
For cool winds blowing o'er the sea,
Gifts of Thy supreme excellency.
And yet my weary soul cries out
Its thankfulness for grief and doubt.
For eyes bedimmed with wet, hot tears,
Those tender memories of the years.
For hard-dealt blows that send a dart,
Which pierces through the saddened heart.
God makes each life a balance-wheel.
Into each life a song may steal,
But when the song has died away,
There's Christ who will each fear allay.
For life I thank Thee, Lord today.

Beatrice Hussey.

East Vassalboro, Maine.

NOTICE

When visiting Washington, D. C., room may be secured, at reasonable rate, from Florence K. Brown, 1327 Irving Street, N. W. Phone Adams 7971.

OUTLOOK AND OUTREACH

A Contributed Page by the American Friends Service Committee

CLARENCE E. PICKETT, Executive Secretary, 20 S. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

Replies to a circular letter sent out last spring by the Fellowship Committee of the A. F. S. C. concerning an International Society of Friends continue to trickle in from far corners of the earth. From New Zealand comes this expression of thought by William B. Matheson:

"My first reaction is a little prayer to be saved from one more organization to devour time and money so much needed to help distress near our elbows, but your idea appeals to another part of me that says, do not plant corn alone; flowers are almost necessary to make a complete man. And so I admire your energy in trying to establish another chain of links that may give us something strong to hang on to when storms threaten and break."

THE BENURIA HEALTH CENTER

In connection with Rabindranath Tagore's Institute and School at Sriniketan, India, Harry and Rebecca Timbres are slowly building up a Health Center, which they hope will prove to be not only valuable in its immediate neighborhood but a model for wide imitation.

The Benuria Health Center has secured the helpful cooperation of the School of Tropical Medicine in Bengal. For one thing, the School has trained two technicians to help in the tedious, but vitally important Malaria Survey, to which Harry is giving a large proportion of his time.

The All India Institute of Hygiene and Public Health, which was built and equipped by the Rockefeller Foundation, is also taking lively interest in the Benuria Health Center and has helped it in various ways, especially by finding one or two assistants for Harry Timbres.

A LIVE QUAKER GROUP IN PRAGUE

Richard L. Cary, of the Berlin Center, has recently visited the newly coalesced Quaker group in Prague mentioned in this column some time ago. He writes of them as follows:

"The visit to Prague was most inspiring. Jaroslav Jose and Liba Vakrova are the two leading Friends in this group, which numbers about fifteen on the average. I believe the Prague Friends are some of the most alert on the continent. Members are between 20 and 35 years old, and are realistic in their outlook on the world; but they are, at the same time, aware of the spiritual life to a degree which might well be an inspiration to Meetings which have been longer established, and have settled down in more senses than one.

"In writing this, I refer to individuals. What they can do as a group I do not know; but as individuals with personalities as varied as a government official, a university professor, a commercial secretary, a publisher's associate, an official, a soldier under compulsion, a radio engineer, etc., are bound to have, it is impossible to predict their course of action. The result of their influence and their purpose is not to be doubted; they will build a better world with more of God in it."

SUMMER ENDS AT VIENNA HOSTEL

"The summer season always seems over when we move from our summer quarters in the Hostel to the winter ones. Our nice bright summer dining-room has to be given back to use as a club-room, and the Hostel retires for the winter to the back." Thus writes Elizabeth Horsnaill, hostess in the Hostel.

The Hostel's summer has been quieter than usual. To be sure, 51 people have visited it: 32 American, 14 British, 3 Indian, and 2 Bulgarian. Eight of these visitors were either teaching in American schools in Bulgaria, or were connected in some way with that country, while five more of the American guests have been teachers in Palestine. Consequently, Vienna Friends feel much more closely in touch with these two countries.

THE REAL NEED

The two-day Meeting of French and Germans, which was held in Pyrmont, at the close of the German Yearly Meeting, was fraught with the harmony which is above nationalism. Richard Cary, American representative of Friends at the Berlin Center, was not present, as he was needed in Berlin. He writes, however, "I know the spirit in which these Friends met, with all the tension of post-war Europe grieving them; and I am touched at learning that the topic which, in spite of the program, they spent most time in discussing was 'Religious Education.' Do the conferences on armaments and reparations and tariffs come closer to the real need of the world than that one?"

CRISES AFFECT FRIENDS CENTER

The world economic crisis and the Disarmament Conference between them changed the character of the Geneva summer season this year. Financial stringency greatly reduced the number of visitors to Geneva, whether tourists or students. Congresses and conferences were reduced almost to zero. The Disarmament Conference turned July—a month usually devoted to intellectual cooperation and summer schools—into a vortex of political activity; while by causing a three weeks' postponement of the regular League Assembly it radically reduced the large influx of visitors that normally takes place in early September. The effect of all this upon our Center's summer work was very marked. Visitors to the Center were fewer than any summer for six years; and Meetings for worship on Sundays were half the size of previous years.

Friends will remember that the private organizations working for disarmament cooperated for united action and publicity work during the Disarmament Conference. Christian organizations, together with the League of Nation Societies, and the American and British Peace groups were all included in this large group of which Bertram Pickard, of the Friends Center, served as secretary. Our Center, therefore, was at the very heart of the work of focusing the united will for peace of the world upon the Conference, and reporting and interpreting back to the world the work accomplished.

YOUNG AUSTRIANS VISIT ENGLAND

Many of the young Austrian men and women who belong to the young people's clubs which have their home at the Vienna Friends Center, and a number of those who were among the twenty-two members of the Forum who visited England this summer, were among those who, a dozen years ago, as boys and girls, during Austria's darkest and hungriest days after the war, visited England—nearly a thousand Austrian children being entertained in England by hundreds of generous English families, and remaining for a few weeks, months, or even a year. The visit this summer was a great event, and the party had a wonderful three weeks in London and in Kent. The group was a very mixed one, and very typical of the full Forum. There were fourteen girls and eight boys: Catholics, Protestants, and Hebrews. Their program included a visit to the East End of London, a day at Oxford, and many invitations to English homes. As one of the group wrote: "The plans enabled us not only to see the beautiful country and the sea, but also to see English homes, to become acquainted with English hospitality, and taught us to admire the spirit of friendship which was shown equally to every single member of our group."

WHY THE CHIMES RANG AND OTHER STORIES

By Raymond McDonald Alden

Included in this delightful collection are ten stories equally as fine as the first well-known one. Attractively illustrated in colors. Price $1.50.

THE HOUSE THAT TOOK ROOT

By Virginia G. Millikin

The story of Joan, Marcia, and little Patsy who lived in a rock house perched on a Colorado hill. Boys and girls both will be interested in their adventures and the secret tunnel which they found. Price $1.50.

THE CHILDREN'S CHEERFUL CHERUB

By Rebecca McCann

Bits of philosophy and humor with delightful illustrations that will please the children. Price 60 cents.

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Fascinating Chinese fairy tales that will interest children. The unusual illustrations throughout the book and the beautiful binding make this a most attractive gift book. Price $1.50.

AMERICAN INDIAN FAIRY TALES

By W. T. Larned

Boys and girls 11-14 will be particularly interested in these stories. Unusual illustrations in colors add much to the attractiveness of the book. Price $1.00.

THE CHILDREN'S STORY GARDEN

An unusual collection of stories compiled by a committee of Friends. In each the moral is left unspoken but the stories are bound together with one idea—that of making the Christian ideal of life interesting and desirable to children. Price $1.50.

THE BOY JESUS AND HIS COMPANIONS

By Rufus M. Jones

A very human and friendly collection of stories about the boyhood of Jesus and His friends. For boys and girls 8-10 years old. Price $1.00.

BIBLE STORY READERS

These readers are graded according to the age of the child. Large type and many pictures make them particularly interesting to the younger children.

JESUS AND THE CHILDREN—Ages 4-5
BIBLE STORIES TO READ—Ages 6-7
STORIES OF LONG AGO—Ages 7-8

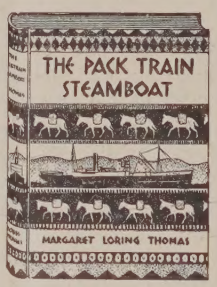
JUDITH LANKESTER

By Marjorie Hill Allee

An interesting story of pioneer life among early Quaker families in Indiana. Price $2.00.

THE PACK TRAIN STEAMBOAT

By Margaret Loring Thomas



The fascinating story of how a steamboat was taken piece by piece over the Andes mountains and then put together and launched on Lake Titicaca in Peru. Capac's part in this adventure as he tells it in this book makes interesting reading for any boy and girl. The author of this new book is a Friend and also wrote **George Washington Lincoln Goes Round the World.** Price $2.00.

MORE STORIES OF GRIT

By Archer Wallace

Fifteen stories of men who as boys were handicapped but who by pluck came through to success and achievement in the end. Roland Hayes, Robert Fulton, Sir Walter Scott, Samuel Morse and others are included in these. Price 75 cents.

NAYKA THE INDIAN BOY

By J. R. M. Lyback

Nayka was a little Indian boy, son of Yellow Eagle. If their wigwam were standing today, it would be right in the city of Chicago. This is a fascinating story of the ways of the Indians and of Nayka's friendship with a white boy. Price $1.00.

WILDERNESS TALES

By Floyd Schmoe

Nature stories written by one who really knows and loves the out-of-doors. The author's clever sketches add much to the enjoyment of the book. Autographed. Price $1.15.

THE BURRO'S MONEYBAG

By Margaret Loring Thomas

The engaging story of a little Mexican boy's struggle to get enough money to buy a burro. Pedro sells gardenias and tortillas and in many other ways earns coins that go into the burro's moneybag. Price $1.00.

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By Henry Van Dyke

This fine story makes an ideal Christmas gift. Price 75 cents.

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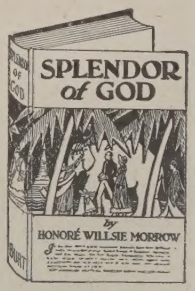
A STAR IN THE WELL

By Temple Bailey

A delightful little Christmas story, bound in rose paper and boxed. Price 50 cents.

THE SPLENDOR OF GOD

By Honore Willsie Morrow



A vivid biographical novel of Adoniram and Ann Judson, the first American foreign missionaries. This dramatic and inspiring story of their devotion to the cause is now available in an inexpensive edition. It is the story of twenty years filled with color, action, and romance. Price 75 cents.

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Writing about "the adventure of becoming a man," the author gives some practical advice for solving the following questions: Can you find and hold a job? Have you learned to amuse yourself? What kind of a girl will you marry? Do you know how to spend your money wisely? For any young man, this book is packed with common sense suggestions for making the most of life. Price $1.50.

HE TOOK IT UPON HIMSELF

By Margaret Slattery

Interesting dramatic sketches of the lives of some who have had a feeling of individual responsibility for the realization of the Kingdom. This is written particularly for young people and includes stories of Schweitzer, Kagawa, Studdert-Kennedy, and others. Price $1.00.

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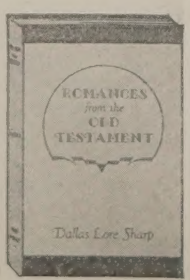
By Mary Agnes Best

Tales of courage, devotion to a great ideal, and the unconquerable persistence of early Quakers in both England and America. Here is a record of adventure by land and sea. Price $1.75.

ROMANCES FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT

By Dallas Lore Sharp



In this group of Old Testament stories one recognizes the beauty and clearness of style which characterize all this author's work. Price $1.50.

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A new travel book by this well-known author is certain to arouse immediate interest. Here we can visit Timbuctoo, the Holy Land, Bagdad, Mt. Everest, and other equally interesting places. Written in the author's spirited and fascinating style, these glimpses of foreign lands make a valuable gift for anyone. Price $3.75.

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Jane is a very real girl who gets into much trouble and has many exciting adventures. Even the boys will enjoy reading of her original idea for getting revenge on Dr. Von Bergen. Price $2.00.

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An inexpensive edition of this popular travel book. Such books make ideal gifts for those who would like to visit strange lands but find it impossible to do so. Price $1.00.

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POEMS

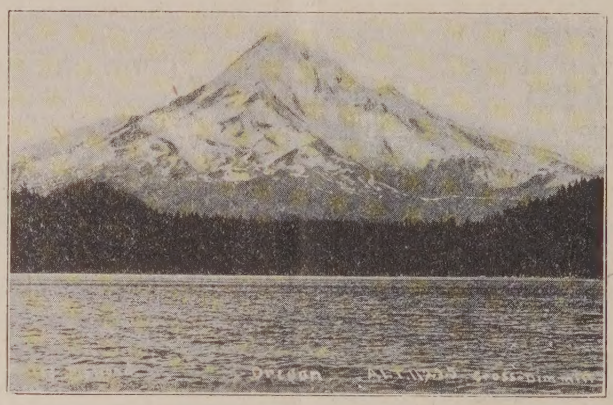
By John Greenleaf Whittier

A leather-bound edition of some of the better known writings of this Quaker poet. Price $1.00.

Out Where the West Ends

"Where Rolls the Oregon"

ONE of the great joys of returning to the old home haunts is that of renewing the friendships of youth. Despite the changes which the long years have brought, we found several of the real "old timers," who as boys and girls attended with us the district school, went home with each other now and then to stay all night, and joined in the simple but no less pleasurable social diversions of the early community life. One of the very pleasant occasions of the summer's visit was a picnic affair arranged for the purpose of bringing together these "pioneer" associates, along with some others who were of less ancient connection. There were sixty-five of us all told, the larger number being either fellow students of our boyhood days, or students of ours when we taught in Pacific College.



"WHITE DESPOT OF THE WILD CASCADES"

WHEN JO MEEK SPOKE UP

A more appropriate rendezvous for our picnic could hardly have been chosen. Across and down the river, about six miles from Newberg, is the old village of Champoeg, with which is associated one of the most significant events in the history of the Pacific Northwest. In our preceding story we spoke of Ewing Young, of Chehalem Valley, whose death gave impetus to setting up the first American government in the Oregon country. It was at Champoeg that the decision was dramatically made to set up that government. The Hudson Bay Company and the French Canadian residents, representing the British trading and trapping interests, demurred at such a move, realizing that it would play into the hands of the Americans. On May 2, 1843, both groups were gathered here to consider the question. After some inconclusive discussion, an intrepid American settler, Jo Meek, became impatient. Marking a rough line on the ground, he stepped on one side of it and called out, "All that's for a divide, follow me!" Fifty-two followed him and fifty remained on the other side. By a majority of two, the provisional government was voted and American ascendancy established. It is curious to note that the voting procedure whereby this very American result was accomplished was after the manner of the British Parliamentary method of division rather than that of the rough American frontier. Jo Meek was of course oblivious to taking a leaf from British politics, else he would doubtless have called out, "All that's for a government say 'aye'—the ayes have it." It should be added that this narrow-margined victory was made possible through two or three of the French-Canadian settlers who crossed the line with the Americans. At least one of them, F. X. Matthieu, lived to a ripe old age and was widely revered and loved by the Commonwealth which he helped to institute.

THE PRODIGAL COMES INTO HIS OWN

It follows, therefore, that May 2nd is a second July 4th for the people of Oregon. The Champoeg site now constitutes a state park, marked first by a monument bearing the names of those who followed the call of Jo Meek. Since our residence in Oregon, an auditorium and museum have been erected where patriotic, civic, and educational assemblages of various kinds are frequently held. When we entered the building, the Director, Albert L. Tozier, one time President of the National Editorial Association, whom we knew in our young newspaper days, came up and throwing his arm about our shoulders in warm welcome, exclaimed, "Walter, here is your history of Oregon, right at hand for continual reference!" Oh, if our traffic cop reception committee could only have seen us then! Non-resident permit, forsooth!!

Was it not fitting to renew old time associations on these historic premises? But the allurements of nature as well as the sentiments of "Auld Lang Syne" enveloped us on this happy occasion. Oregon's own river (the Columbia is shared with Washington) sweeps proudly by, and while waiting for the bountiful picnic spread, we foregathered on its banks at the foot of the tree-covered and green-bordered bluffs.

"WILLAMETTE GLIDES AWAY"

Although it would be exaggerating to say that what the Nile is to Egypt, the Willamette (pronounced Wil-lam'-it if you please) is to western Oregon, it is none the less true that this river has long been symbol of Oregon's beauty as well as life-giving current to one of the most fertile and attractive valleys to be found in the United States. In former years it was also its one great artery of commerce. In our pioneer days at Newberg, the river steamboats were our only means of public conveyance. Inasmuch as the principal business of the steamers was to carry freight, especially grain, the schedules were very uncertain. While boats were supposed to reach a given point around a certain time, a leeway of two or three hours was taken for granted. And as the river landing was two miles from most of the people in the community, one couldn't wait to hear the whistle around the bend and then dash for the boat. We remember one occasion when Father walked to the river in the morning, waited on the bank all day, and returned home in the evening to await a boat another day to take him to Portland, thirty miles away.

The Willamette river was also the scene of occasional festivities in the early days of our community, when excursions were planned. A steamboat would be chartered for the day and the families of the neighborhood, equipped with well filled baskets, enjoyed a river ride and outing to some point of interest—as up the river to Salem, the state Capital. Sometimes we went down river, through the locks at Oregon City to Portland, on down through the mouth of the Willamette and up the Columbia to Multnomah Falls or some other scenic attraction. That made a long day, say from six in the morning till nine at night—and what a big day in the life of us youngsters!

All together, it can be readily appreciated what a place the river held, and still holds, in the life and affections of Oregonians. Very popular among them is the poem, "Beautiful Willamette," written many years ago by Samuel L.

Simpson, an early Oregon journalist and poet, whose work has been favorably compared with that of Burns and Poe. The first two stanzas follow:

"From the Cascades' frozen gorges,
Leaping like a child at play,
Winding, widening through the valley,
Bright Willamette glides away;
Onward ever,
Lovely River,
Softly calling to the sea,
Time, that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee.

"Spring's green witchery is weaving
Braid and border for thy side;
Grace forever haunts thy journey,
Beauty dimples on thy tide;
Through the purple gates of morning
Now thy roseate ripples dance,
Golden then, when day, departing,
On thy waters trails his lance.
Waltzing, flashing,
Tinkling, splashing,
Limpid, volatile, and free—
Always hurried
To be buried
In the bitter moon-mad sea."

On the Loop Drive

Another big event with us was a day's scenic trip over the Mount Hood Loop Drive, with President Levi T. and Rebecca Pennington and daughter, Bertha May, as hosts and guides. It consisted, first, of a morning drive to Portland, which, incidentally, is a very attractive, winding ride over hill and dale, and then up the Columbia River Highway as far as Hood River. Here one heads south, and driving through this famous, fruit-growing valley, turns the flank of the graceful mountain which gives the valley its name. A big picnic dinner in a shady forest retreat, supplemented with an incessant flow of jokes and stories under the lead of Levi T. as "head man," detracted not at all from our enjoyment of the mountain landscapes.

Sometimes we rode in plain sight of Hood, towering above us, while at other times we drove through cathedral lanes of gigantic forest monarchs. Mountain streams, their shaded banks still flecked with snow, sent their icy waters hurtling down over rock-strewn beds. Here and there, from the vantage point of some jutting promontory, we were favored with a vast, entrancing view of mountain grandeur.

At the Foot of Hoary Hood

On reaching Government Camp, we found ourselves at the foot of Mount Hood's southern slope, gazing upward with admiration upon its glistening fields, its jagged cliffs, and stately crown. Our gaze of admiration was also one of seriousness and awe, for the lofty heights are not to be trifled with, as occasional tragedy reminds. Only a day or so before had a young man lost his footing on a ridge or "hog back" of snow and ice near the summit and had fallen to his death. As we gazed upward we marked the route which we ourselves had taken, years before, over that self-same hog back on our laborious climb to the top of Oregon's glory. Bivouacking on the snow line, our party had set out over the sloping snow fields at sunrise and after climbing steadily, with time out for lunch, had crossed the Great Crevasse and reached the summit by two o'clock in the afternoon. Then indeed did the splendor of creation lay before us, from mountain peak unto mountain peak.*

CROSSING THE GREAT CREVASSE

A picture taken showing our party on the last lap of its ascent of Mt. Hood made many years ago. From here we went up with the aid of ropes, the guide going ahead and cutting footholds in the snow and ice. The guide may be seen, with one of the ladies, above the ladder, watching the crossing. As the guide's "end man," the writer is seen bringing up the rear.

For us, therefore, it was a time of personal reminiscence as we reviewed the experiences and associations of that expedition and renewed fellowship with the spirit of the mountain. As one who has proudly stood upon its wind-swept summit, we never look upon Mount Hood without glowing with a feeling of companionship and friendliness, mingled with some sense of achievement. And so we joined with Oregon's Poet Laureate, aforementioned, in greeting the noble Hood:

"White despot of the wild Cascades!
I greet thee, as the twilight shades
Drop like a curtain from the wall,
Where sheaves of sunlight, burning yet
On frosted tower and minaret,
Portray thee, reigning over all!

"The crimson mantle of the Dawn
Is first around thy shoulders drawn,
When all the vales are dim with shade;
And sunset's last and ling'ring ray,
Dropt by the weary hand of Day,
Upon thy regal brow doth fade."

Highway of Many Wonders

One day of our all too-crowded period was reserved for an excursion on the Columbia River Highway exclusively. Only twice, it is said, has nature run great continental rivers directly across and through lofty mountain ranges: once in equatorial Africa where the Congo cleaves the Coast Range, and again in the Oregon Country where the mighty Columbia, "the Achilles of rivers," has riven the lofty Cascades. For about seventy miles the Columbia Gorge presents magnificent scenes of grandeur and beauty incomparable, with its castled crags, its skyline domes, its regal spires and scaleless cliffs, its leaping water falls — all presented in matchless combination of color, reflected from the broad expanse of Columbia's opaline expanse below and from the azure of the cloudless sky above. Here,

"Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung;
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung."

The Highway enters the Gorge on the west at Crown Point, jutting out hundreds of feet above and over the Columbia, presenting an unsurpassed panorama of river and mountains. It's a scene to make one gasp in voice-

*After beginning our Oregon story, we came upon some cuts made several years ago from pictures showing mountain and highway scenes. It occurred to us that they might be of interest to readers who have manifested such widespread appreciation of these vacation sketches.

IN THE HEART OF THE CASCADES

less wonder and delight. Within a half hour's ride or so, waterfall after waterfall flash upon one. The queen of these is Multnomah, the second highest waterfall of the nation. Some of us took a steep mountain trail and after climbing a mile and a quarter, found ourselves at the top of the falls looking down from its dizzy heights. Our seven-year-old daughter proudly made this ascent and has to her credit this initial "Excelsior" in mountain climbing.

All these wonders of the Columbia Gorge may be enjoyed by those who ride up and down the Highway. They are only a token, however, of the enthralling beauty which awaits him who tarries to explore the trails which lead back into the Cascades. As distinguished from much mountain scenery, that of the Cascades is characterized by life and freshness. The mountains bear great forests of evergreens. The cliffs are covered with a greenery of beautiful moss and delicate maiden hair fern, through which the water from a thousand springs trickles and glistens in the light. And the numerous, indescribable water falls which mark the course of the many rushing streams explain the appropriateness of the name which this mountain range bears.

After picnicking on the banks of Eagle Creek, we strolled up the Eagle Creek trail, which is characteristic of these mountain trails, shaded and inviting, a joy in themselves aside from the wonders they reveal. Sometimes they cling to the side of a perpendicular mountain of stone, from which, as though suspended in mid air, one may gaze far, far below where sounds the ever-roaring mountain stream. Above, one looks and looks again before his eye scales the top of the overshadowing peak.

WHERE THE WEST REALLY ENDS

Four unforgettable days we spent, in company with our folks, out at the Twin Rocks Beach, where the West does really end. Our two cottages were almost within stone's throw of the surf and before us loomed the two towers of rock which give the beach its name. With miles of perfect seashore, it is an ideal vacation playground. What with tramping, rowing and canoeing on a nearby lake, surf bathing, playing beach games, and gazing upon the fascinating roll of the breakers as "the proud Pacific chafes her strand," there was unalloyed delight. Perhaps the climax of all was an indescribable sunset which left us all speechless in awesome ecstasy as the whole western heavens were ablaze with all the changing glory of the spectrum, and as the rolling waves became billows of reflected color.

On our last day at the seashore, we drove down the coast to Newport over the Roosevelt Highway, which is perhaps the finest coast and sea view highway to be found anywhere. The coast line is rugged, curving, mountainous, and sometimes precipitous, affording the beholder a striking combination of mountain panorama and marvelous seascape.

Aforetimes, in our boyhood days, it took us two or three days to drive home from the coast, over the mountains and along the dusty valley roads. On this occasion, we took dinner with friends at the beach, after which we were back at Newberg after a pleasant two hours' moonlight ride over a splendid highway. Such is the march of progress!

ON THE HIGHWAY

All too soon came our last vacation day in Oregon. As we drove to Portland, we bade goodbye to "the hills of home," rising in the bright sunlight from checkered valleys and uplands of velvety green. Parting from the home folks after dinner at our sister's home, we drove across the city and headed north for Washington. Just as we were crossing the Columbia where it is joined by "Beautiful Willamette," we looked eastward and there in the shining pathway of Oregon's waters rose regal Hood as if to beckon to us in benediction. We trust it was a benediction, not of farewell but of "until we meet again."

W. C. W.

AT THE ORGAN

He sits with dark-haired head outlined
Against the window's luminous blind,
Soft glowing with the sunlight from behind.

His young and virile lifted face
Is nimbused with creating grace—
Lips parted, and forgot the very place.

The graceful movements of his speaking hands
Betoken falling snow; the waving strands
Of willow; and again, the thundering waves on sands.

The melody is hushed as day ere dawn,
And then, with longing, aching sweetness drawn
From out our very hearts, it rushes on.

From earth to heaven's highest arcs,
And back, to kindle with divinest sparks
Eternal fires among mankind's despairing darks.

And so, with yearning, and a tear,
We sit—we see—we hear—
And lo! our God is near.

FAUGHN MANLOVE WHITE.
Newcastle, Ind.

(These lines were written after listening to the inspiring music rendered by Mr. Roy Siefert, of Xenia, Ohio, during the recent Conference of the Woman's Missionary Union of Friends in America, at Wilmington.)

WITH CINCINNATI FRIENDS

The Woman's Missionary Society conducted the meeting for worship November 13, and had as guest speaker Howard McKay from Wilmington Yearly Meeting, who has recently visited the Friends missions in the Tennessee mountains.

A new type of program, consisting of the presentation of educational films is being tried in the evening service with results that promise to be beneficial. In the initial appearance, two educational films were shown to a large audience. One film entitled, "Little Indian Weaver," depicted something of the life of the Navajo Indians. The second film was a "Mediteranean Cruise," which was of much interest as it showed many biblical places.

"The heroes of faith in all ages have been those who have seen God."

CORRESPONDENCE AND COMMENT

These columns are open to expressions of opinion on the part of readers so far as it seems to come within the range of the general welfare of our body and is expressed in a cooperative constructive spirit. Obviously, sentiments expressed by contributors herein, or otherwise in the paper for that matter, cannot be held to reflect those of The American Friend.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM PRESENTED

Editor, THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

I wish there might be conveyed to the "Concerned Friend" who "Would Revive True Quakerism" (your issue of October 27) the present writer's deep appreciation of his message, and the hope that the subject may receive fuller discussion. May one have faith that if it is pursued further a solution may be found for what, with some Friends, is becoming an embarrassing and difficult problem.

The situation in the present writer's meeting apparently resembles that in the meeting of the Concerned Friend. There is a somewhat numerous, but definitely minority group of those who "believe in the true principles of Quakerism" as distinct from the "leaven" that would tend to make Quakers indistinguishable from other fellowships. They have met from time to time in an effort to provide "some sort of fellowship between those who feel this need." But they have found their efforts vigorously resisted by the majority and by the leadership of this meeting, whose "cry is for unity" and who take the position that gatherings of this sort are divisive and harmful in their effect. The minority feel with Concerned Friend that "an intensive study of early Quakerism is needed now," and that it is only as Friends adhere to early and distinctive principles, and only as we provide fellowship for those who are striving through Quakerism to apply more fully the principles of Jesus to the distressing conditions of the daily life going on about us, that the Society has reason for existence as a separate religious body.

In view of the resistance, two alternatives are open to the minority. They may acquiesce, in deadening conformity, and watch the meeting continue to lose the participation of vigorous and serious minded youth. Or, they may break with the expressed wish of the majority, "come out from among them," as is suggested, and run risk of responsibility for another "Separation," with resulting unhappy train of consequences—jealousies, un-Christlike feelings and final ineffectiveness.

Is there no third alternative? Are there suggestions that can be made by wiser Friends elsewhere? Is it possible that some solution might grow out of conference or correspondence between scattered Friends who feel the same sort of difficulty? Are there visiting Friends who might have capacity for going into meetings where difficulty exists and bringing some message that would harmonize conflicting viewpoints, or would promote such a spirit of mutual charity and understanding as would result in Concerned Friend's "unity as of a hand, that is not inconsistent with separateness, as of fingers?"

"ANOTHER WESTERNER."

FRIENDS AND THE MINISTRY

Editor, THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

If I may be pardoned for referring to an article which recently appeared in THE AMERICAN FRIEND over my name, I would like to pass on to your readers something that I consider worthy of careful consideration. Two letters with comments have come to me concerning my article on the Problem of a Ministry in the Society of Friends. One letter advised me to read some "Russellite" literature and be guided into the truth! The other carried some real and practical concern for our ministry, which I desire to share with Friends. These comments are:

"It seems to me that your treatment of this much mooted question is logical and your attempt at solution reasonable. I doubt whether many, if any, will find fault with it except the extremists on each wing.

"While I think your 'findings' are sound, I must confess to considerable doubt as to whether they may be honestly and sincerely attempted in practice. My reason for this skepticism is found not so much in a sense of helplessness and futility on the part of our meetings themselves as from the apparently defensive and non-cooperative attitude on the part of our pastors. They seem to be so possessed of the 'woe is me if I do not preach' idea that they appear to be unable to adjust themselves to an order in which they would not have constant and uninterrupted opportunity for a pulpit message. Furthermore, some of them resent any suggestion which would seem to limit their pastoral prerogatives. This is putting it a little bluntly, perhaps, but I believe truly. And this applies to our so-called liberal minded pastors as well as to those of the more evangelistic and generally conforming type.

"Another hindrance is found in the fact that so few pastors have an adequate conception of the ideal Quaker meeting for worship. Some of them seem to think they have approached it by introducing two or three minutes of silence, which becomes as much a part of a formal program as any other feature.

"I do believe that there is increasing demand among many of our young people for some such adjustment as you suggest, and in this demand lies our hope—a hope which I trust will not be too long deferred."

MILO S. HINCKLE.

Hartford, Conn.

"R. O. T. C. THEOLOGY"

Editor, THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

I was very much interested in the article by D. Elton Trueblood entitled, "R. O. T. C. Theology." Teaching in a public high school, I was confronted by a similar theology, given by a speaker at an Armistice Day assembly. How can we hope to instil the hope of peace in the minds of our young people, when such a false theology forms a bulwark to our progress?

The scriptural verses for the false theology are Math. 24-6, and Mark 13-7, in which Jesus foretells the destruction of the temple as he takes his final leave of it. The materialistic minded person may interpret these particular passages to mean that there will be wars between nations, upheavals of earth, and physical disease.

The spiritually minded person can interpret Jesus' prophecy in only one way—with its spiritual significance, Jesus spoke of spiritual warfare. He speaks of the wars between religions, faiths, Protestantism, Catholicism, Mohammedanism and others; all seeking for the highest good they know. He speaks of the spiritual wars or conflicts within the mind of man; wars, in which truth and falsehood are at arms, in which right and wrong struggle for supremacy. He foretells the martyrdom of the Christians of early times and modern times, who were and are persecuted for the sake of righteousness. It takes moral fortitude and courage to be a Christian to the end.

As Quakers, we worship "in spirit and in truth." We must study our Bible verses with more spiritual insight and divine light. It is a tragedy to have spiritual truths interpreted by materialistic minds.

MARGERY MCDONALD.

South Euclid, Ohio.

SITUATION WANTED

College graduate, '31, desires position of any kind. Majored in English, has had newspaper experience (reporting), is equipped to teach, and was with Service Committee last winter in coal-fields. Prefers to work in East, but will go anywhere. References. Address THE AMERICAN FRIEND.

QUAKERDOM · AT · LARGE

Although Oregon and the entire West went Democratic in the recent national election, President Hoover should find some satisfaction in the fact that his old home community of Newberg returned a majority for him.

* * * *

Richard L. Cary, of Baltimore, who represents American Friends at our Berlin Center, visited England from October 24 to November 11. He visited Friends in various parts of that country, discussing with them the purposes of our Friends Centers in Europe and acquainting them with the nature of the work accomplished.

* * * *

Friends who have been reading of the hurricanes in Jamaica will be interested in the following lines from Sada F. Stanley: "We are deeply grateful to God for being spared in this terrible hurricane, only bananas are gone." Paul Michener also writes: "We have been having what the reports say is a 'meandering hurricane' about 250 miles south of us the last few days, and the things it has done to our well-behaved weather make us thankful that it is no closer."

* * * *

A reader has kindly sent us a copy of *Radio Times*, the weekly journal of the British Broadcasting Corporation, in which we find generous announcement of the broadcast from Friends House, London, initiated this fall by English Friends. Along with the announcement of the program, featured by an address by Carl Heath, appeared a picture of Friends House and also a picture showing the Clerks of London Yearly Meeting at their desk.

* * * *

English Friends go ecclesiastical! Former Yearly Meeting Clerk turns bishop! Quakers numbered among Court Gentlemen and Dowagers! Such might easily have been the recent headlines in English newspapers—and all on account of the fact that seven well known Friends took prominent part in the production of Lawrence Housman's new Victorian play, "The Queen's Progress, 1837 to 1894," as given at Street. Three of them appeared as Bishops of the Established Church and are reported as "looking extremely well favoured in their ecclesiastical attire." Roger Clark, grandson of John Bright, took the august role of Primate as Archbishop of Canterbury, while Anthony Clark played the part of the Prince Consort. What a far cry from the steeple-denouncing days of George Fox!

Some people say it with flowers but Baltimore Yearly Meeting Friends say it with cabbage and onions and carrots and Virginia hams and everything else that's good to eat. When Friends went up, or down as the case might be, to the recent sessions of the Yearly Meeting, they took of the fat of the land wherewith to minister to their palates and to those of visiting Friends. In order that ample provision for hungry outlanders might be assured, the different meetings sent in a list of the "first fruits" which they would bring. When Washington wrote, "Would two bushels of fresh cabbage be acceptable?" we wonder if they had in mind the congressional overturn on November 8. After reading of hams, sweet potatoes, onions, carrots, country sausage, dried corn, canned vegetables and fruits, and of jams, marmalades, preserves, spiced fruits and honey, we are convinced that depression in Baltimore Yearly Meeting, if any, comes from eating not wisely but too well. How we would like to have been with them then!

* * * *

One of Hitler's chief henchmen was recently invited to address the Berlin Student Club, under the auspices of the Friends Center. In view of the violently anti-Semitic attitude of the Hitlerites, it was rather a novel situation in which one of their leaders spoke to a group which included both Jews and Communists. Corder Catchpool, in reporting the occasion, wrote: "It is remarkable and interesting that discussion in a perfectly friendly and calm atmosphere could take place, perhaps because of the Quaker traditions of the premises, perhaps because of Quakers present, helping to create a general sense of goodwill." This reminds one of that incident during a time of upheaval in 1920 or 1921, when two parties of soldiers who had been fighting each other on the street came to guard the Quaker Center, each against the other. Invited by Joan Fry to leave their weapons in a detached room, the two sets of men, to their astonishment, found themselves pleasantly conversing with the Quakers and with each other—warfare left on the street.

* * * *

On the occasion of his visit to Northern England, five English Friends, by appointment of Yorkshire Quarterly Meeting, recently interviewed Sir John Simon, British Foreign Secretary, on the subject of disarmament. These Friends report that for about forty out of the fifty minutes they were with him, the Foreign Secretary was himself placing before them the difficulties that confronted the Conference at Geneva. The deputation pointed out to him that a policy of compromise, of so called "practical politics," is fraught with unsurmountable problems, and appealed to him to use the power of his own personality to bring about the result eagerly desired by the general public. Sir John's readiness to receive the deputation, and his friendliness during the interview were much appreciated, but the Friends came away (states the London *Friend*) "more convinced than ever of the need for an even greater campaign to convince the world of the wrongfulness of *all* war, and to convince the Government of the desire of a large section of the community for bolder statesmanship at Geneva."

* * * *

An ever new and developing technique is important in our efforts to influence those in authority in behalf of policies which make for world peace. Petitions and letters are good, but they can often be supplemented effectively by other methods. We unite with the London *Friend* in commending the idea that a group of English Friends have recently exemplified. One of the group wrote to a local Member of Parliament, saying that he and many others in the constituency were profoundly disturbed by the attitude of the British government on disarmament. The Member, who supports the government in this regard, very readily consented to discuss the matter in private with forty of his constituents. Local Friends constituted the nucleus of the group, but others interested were also included. The meeting took place in a Friend's drawing room, everything being informal and friendly, with light refreshments and a social time. First a Friend stated the case for those promot-

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON

A Story of Ancient Israel based on modern Biblical scholarship

By LOUIS WALLIS

(See advertisement elsewhere in this issue)

ing the meeting, and after the Member had spoken, discussion became general. The report says that it was felt that all, including the Member himself, benefitted greatly by the exchange of ideas. He seemed greatly impressed by the wide information and commanding character of many of those present. There is a suggestion here which American Friends may well consider favorably.

NEWS OF OUR MEETINGS

On November 13, Toronto, Ontario, Friends Meeting began a series of "Threshing Meetings," to be held on Sunday evenings. These meetings are on the order of those held by George Fox "to discuss questions of the common good." Addresses which are given are followed by discussion and tea.

* * * *

L. Herbert Reynolds, pastor of the Friends Church at Cherokee, Oklahoma, is conducting a series of evangelistic services at the Friends Church in Lawrence, Kansas, which began November 14 and will continue until November 27. Herbert L. Huffman is pastor of the Lawrence Meeting in whose historic meetinghouse the sixtieth anniversary of Kansas Yearly Meeting was observed in October.

* * * *

Hannah Amelia White has just celebrated the seventy-fourth year of membership with Cincinnati Monthly Meeting. Leslie Shaffer, the pastor, writes: "We are indeed honored with her regular attendance at worship and with her interested fellowship."

LOS ANGELES NOTES

Conference on Peace, Prohibition, and Economics was held at Los Angeles, California, First Friends Church, November 4, 5, and 6, under the auspices of Pasadena uarterly Meeting. Roy Youngman was chairman of the committee in charge. The opening session was featured by a Brotherhood Dinner, attended by approximately eight-five, after which there were three messages, one on each of the Conference topics, under the symposium subject, "The Present Situation." The subject for Saturday afternoon was "A Christian Economic Program," and the subject for the evening was "Christian Peace Organization," when especial attention was given to a plan for the organization of Los Angeles. The Sunday morning message was given by R. Ernest Lamb, local Friends pastor, who spoke on the theme, "The All-sufficiency of Christ." In the afternoon, "Prohibition Strategy" was considered. Young Friends were in charge of the evening session, and centered their program around the topic, "A Program for Christian Youth." Discussion followed each series of addresses during the Conference. The sessions were well attended and much interest was aroused.

William Carman, who was eighty-one years old on November 9, was remembered with birthday cards or letters by a number of members of First Friends Church and other friends.

A memorial service was held at the morning meeting for worship on October 30 for the late Dorothy Stone, Friends missionary in Honduras, Central America, who passed away October 4 at Juticalpa, Honduras, after a brief illness from tropical fever. Ernest Lamb gave a resume of her life and two years of service in Honduras.

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WHITTIER ACTIVITIES

The delegates to the Woman's Missionary Conference held at Wilmington, Ohio, October 13 to 17 are home again. Emma F. Coffin left Whittier, June 15 for Richmond, Indiana. On her return trip she stopped a day in Kansas City, arriving in Whittier, October 24. Eliza A. Cox spent several days with relatives in Grand Junction, Colorado, both on her eastward trip and return. She also visited in Chicago and several points in Indiana. Esther T. Jenkins visited in Pennsylvania and in Richmond. Mary R. Marling sojourned a few days with friends and relatives at New Providence, Iowa.

On our return we were happy to find a good sized Junior Church in full operation, meeting each Sunday morning under the leadership of Amy Outland, with competent assistants. The last Sunday in each month they attend the regular morning meeting for worship and have part in the service. And the surprise was that of seeing the large choir loft filled each Sunday evening with 50 or 60 High School and Senior Christian Endeavorers, who lead in the song worship. These young people, with others in the audience, retire at the close of the service to some home to which they have been invited for an hour's "getting acquainted." They close the evening with sacred songs and prayer. Mark Martin directs the activities. Willard O. Trueblood frequently attends.

The Woman's Bible Class, Eliza A. Cox, teacher, held their first luncheon of the season, November 3 at the home of Arthur Brown. Almost 70 women were present. During the program Caroline Trueblood gave a splendid talk on the Geneva Peace Conference and results.

The Temperance playlet, "Challenged," adapted from Carolyn Atwater Mason's book of the same name by Anna Dozier, was most effectively rendered on the evening of October 30, before a large and attentive audience in the church auditorium.

Sunday evening, November 13, was "Boy's Nite," when a large number of boys were present. Representatives of the boys were in charge, Rendell Terrell presiding. E. Clayton Votaw, chairman of Boys' Work Committee, spoke on "The Boys Work of the Church." Roy C. Votaw, recently returned from the Cuban Mission field, spoke on "The Manhood of the Master." The boys filled the choir loft and contributed splendid music. V. E. Pemberton sang, "More Like the Master."

At the time of this writing, Willard O. Trueblood, our pastor, expresses his gratitude that for two months past no death has occurred in our membership.

The Whittier Community School of Education, under the direction of the Whittier Council of Churches, is being conducted each Wednesday night at the M. E. Church. Florabel Rosenberger is giving a course on the New Testament; Walter J. Homan, on the Teaching Work of the Church; while Bruce Gates directs a course in Recreational Leadership. The interest in the school is unusually fine. Dr. J. Hudson Ballard is giving a series of six lectures having to do with "Religion and Psychology" at the close of the study periods. He is greeted by large audiences.

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Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, has adjacent hundred acre farm to rent to family with children of college age, or to truck farmer who will pay rent with produce.

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MARRIAGES

DELL-COLLINS—On November 8, 1932, at Los Angeles, California, Frank W. Dell, General Superintendent of California Yearly Meeting, to Rebecca Collins, formerly a resident of Truro, Nova Scotia, Canada. R. Ernest Lamb, brother-in-law of the bride and cousin of the bridegroom, minister. Their home address will be 515 East Camilla Street, Whittier.

THOMAS-TAYLOR—At West Richmond, Indiana, Friends Church, September 24, 1932, Sylvia L. Thomas, daughter of Percy M. and Gaynelle Thomas of Des Moines, Iowa, to Mervyn Taylor of Richmond, Indiana. Ira C. Johnson, minister. They will reside at 7 Howard Place, Richmond.

DEATHS

HARKNESS—At Elba, New York, October 31, 1932, Mina L. Harkness, after an illness of several months. She had spent most of her life in Elba, residing in the family home where she was born sixty-seven years ago. When a young woman she felt called of God to render special service, and went to the Cleveland Bible Institute for study and preparation for religious work. She was recognized as a minister among Friends, and acted as pastor at Perry City and Stanfordville, New York, as well as assisting in evangelistic meetings at various times. Everett W. Chapman, pastor of the Gasport, New York, Meeting, of which she was a member, and Grace W. Shepard, pastor at Batavia, officiated at the funeral. Several spoke appreciatively of her life and of the friendly hospitality of the family home. Of Mina Harkness it might truly be said, as Jesus spoke of Mary, "She hath chosen the better part."

Fiction With a *Soul*—

Only at rare intervals—once in a very great while—is the unceasing flood of books punctuated by a novel in which plot and theme are so closely interwoven that the story seems to generate a vitality within itself. Such books have *soul*. Above and beyond their power to entertain; greater than their purpose of depicting a phase of Life or a period of civilization, is this intangible, often unintended, inner significance.

Of such a class is the new novel issued by the Macmillan Company of New York, based on modern Biblical scholarship. Historically accurate, showing how monotheism became triumphant over paganism through a great struggle for social justice in the midst of conditions like those prevailing today. Warmly commended by religious leaders, such as Bishop F. J. McConnell, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman and Prof. Shailer Mathews.

By the Waters of Babylon, A Story of Ancient Israel, by Louis Wallis. From all booksellers, or from the Macmillan Company, New York City, for $2.00.—*Advt.*

LOCAL MEETING DIRECTORY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Visitors are invited to attend the following Meetings. The names and addresses of Friends coming to Chicago should be sent to Leslie Frazer or Garfield V. Cox, whose addresses appear below.

4411-15 Indiana Avenue. Bible School 9:45; Worship 11:00 a. m. Second Sunday each month, except July and August, is Suburban Day with luncheon served at 12:30 and Discussion Group Meeting at 1:30. Take Indiana Avenue surface car or South Side Elevated to 43rd Street. Leslie Frazer, Minister, 1149 East 61st Street. Telephone Fairfax 3193.

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1174 East 57th Street, John Woolman Hall. Meeting for worship 10:45. Religious Forum 11:30 a. m. Take surface car to 55th Street and Woodlawn Avenue, then walk two blocks south. Garfield V. Cox, Clerk, 1332 East 56th Street. Telephone Dorchester 5745.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati Friends Meeting is held in the new meetinghouse, Eden and Donohue Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio. Bible School, 9:45, and Meeting for Worship, 11:00 a m. Minister, Leslie D. Shaffer; address, 2854 Winslow Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Visitors welcome.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

First Friends Church, Fullerton and Ohio Ave. Take Grand River car to Ohio, then go two blocks north. Bible School, 10:00 a..m.; Meetings for Worship, 11:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p m. Send names and addresses of people comong to Detroit to Donald B. Spitler, Minister, 13560 Roselawn Ave., Detroit, Phone Fairmont 1851J.

NEW YORK CITY

Friends Meeting, 144 East 20th Street. Meeting for worship First Day at 11 o'clock. Visitors welcome.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Friends Memorial Church, 23rd Avenue and East Spruce Street. Meeting for Worship 11 a. m. Pastor, Gervas A. Carey, 2315 East Spruce Street.

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington Monthly Meeting of Friends (Orthodox). Member of Five Years Meeting. Corner 13th and Irving Streets, N. W. Meeting for Worship, 11:00 a. m.; Bible School, 9:45 a. m.; C. E., 6:30 p. m.; Prayer Metting, Thursday, 7:45 p.m. Charles S. Easterling, Clerk, 1223 Euclid Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. All welcome.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Friends Meeting, 2111 Florida Ave., one block from Conn. Ave. Meeting for Worship First-day at 11:00 o'clock, First-day school at 9:45. Friends and others interested are cordially invited.

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